TRANSLATIONS
OF
LATIN HYMNS
OF THE
MIDDLE AGES.

PART SECOND.

F-46.101
Sm685
1877

No. 396.

Samuel M. Harrington,

Wilmington, Delaware.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCD
1474

M. M. Harrington

S. M. Harrington

with regards of

N. B. Smithers

Dec. 27. 1877.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

LATIN HYMNS

OF THE

MIDDLE AGES.

N. B. Smithers te.

PART SECOND.

MDCCCLXXVII:

JAMES KIRK & SONS, PRINTERS,

DOVER, DELAWARE.

Preface.

The reception accorded to the Translations of Mediæval Hymns heretofore offered, has induced me to present the accompanying versions. I trust that they will be found equally acceptable. It will be observed that the paging is in continuation of the prior series. An Index has been added.

To my friends, who have acknowledged the former Part in terms so encouraging, and on whose judgment, in other matters, I confidently rely, I return thanks.

N. B. SMITHERS.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

http://archive.org/details/transofla00smit

De Epiphania.

PRUDENTIUS.

DE EPIPHANIA.

O sola magnarum urbium,
Major Bethlem, cui contigit
Ducem salutis cœlitus
Incorporatum gignere.

Hæc stella, quæ solis rotam
Vincit decore ac lumine,
Venisse terris nuntiat
Cum carne terrestri Deum.

Videre postquam illum magi,
Eoa promunt munera,
Stratique votis offerunt
Thus, myrrham et aurum regium.

Regem Deumque annuntiant
Thesaurus et fragrans odor
Thuris Sabæi, ac myrrheus
Pulvis sepulcrum prædocet.

The Epiphany.

PRUDENTIUS.

The author of this Hymn was born in Spain about the year 348. He was distinguished as a Jurist. Late in life he devoted himself earnestly to the service of God. Another stanza is generally printed as part of the original, but being a mere doxology, and not by Prudentius, I have chosen to omit it.

THE EPIPHANY.

O, chief of cities, Bethlehem.
Of David's crown the fairest gem.
But more to us than David's name,
In thee, as man, the Savior came.

Beyond the sun in splendor bright,
Above thee stands a wondrous light
Proclaiming from the conscious skies
That here, in flesh, the Godhead lies.

See, coming from the East, afar
Chaldean sages hail his star,
And low in adoration bent
Their three-fold gifts to him present.

The golden tribute owns him, King,
But frankincense to God they bring,
And last, prophetic sign, with myrrh
They shadow forth his sepulchre.

De Nativitate Domini.

JOANNES MAUBURNUS.

DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

Heu, quid jaces stabulo,
Omnium creator,
Vagiens cunabulo,
Mundi reparator?
Si rex, ubi purpura?
Vel clientum murmura?
Ubi aula regis?
Hic omnis penuria,
Paupertatis curia,
Forma novæ legis.

"Istuc amor generis
Me traxit humani,
Quod se noxa sceleris
Occidit profani.
His meis inopiis
Gratiarum copiis
Te pergo ditare,
Hocce natalitio
Vero sacrificio
Te volens beare."

O, te laudum millibus
Laudo, laudo, laudo,
Tantis mirabilibus
Plaudo, plaudo, plaudo!
Gloria, sit gloria,
Amanti memoria
Domino in altis!
Cui testimonia
Dantur et præconia
Cœlicis a psaltis!

The Nativity.

JEAN MAUBURNE.

The author lived in the 15th century. Born in 1460, he was made Abbot of St. Livry in 1502, and the next year died at Paris, whither he was carried in consequence of sickness caused by excessive labor in the administration of his religious office.

THE NATIVITY.

Why dost Thou so lowly lie
Who all things didst create?
Comest Thou with wailing cry
To rear our fallen state?
Where thy train if King thou be,
Purple robe of majesty,
Thy presence chamber, where?
All unlike the courts of earth,
Naught denotes thy royal birth,
But only want is here.

"Hither, from my Father's throne,
Through love for man I came,
Him to save, his guilt atone,
I bear this load of shame;
In my need I give to thee
Wealth from Heaven's treasury,
The pearl of costly price;
Lowly born and held as naught,
Life and blessing I have brought,
Myself the sacrifice."

Wonders of thy grace to sing
My grateful tongue essays,
Thousand thanks to Thee I bring
In hymns of endless praise;
Glory, now, let all below,
Mindful of thy saving woe,
Shout "Glory, Lord, to Thee,"
While angelic choirs above
Celebrate thy matchless love
With harp and psaltery.

Paulus.

PETRUS DAMIANI.

PAULUS.

Paule, doctor egregie,
Tuba clangens ecclesiæ,
Nubes volans ac tonitrum
Per amplum mundi circulum.

Nobis potenter intona,
Ruraque cordis irriga,
Cœlestis imbre gratiæ
Mentes virescant aridæ.

O magnum Pauli meritum,
Cœlum conscendit tertium,
Audit verba mysterii,
Quæ nullis audet eloqui.

Dum verbi spargit semina,
Seges surgit uberrima,
Sic cœli replent horreum
Bonorum fruges operum.

Paul.

PETER DAMIANI.

Peter Damiani was the zealous co-adjutor of the celebrated Hildebrand. He was made Cardinal-bishop of Ostia. Born at Ravenna, in Italy, he was mentally and morally one of the foremost men of his age. He died in 1072.

PAUL.

Faithful teacher, mighty Paul,
Ringing like a trumpet call,
Flying cloud, whose couriers glance
Red-winged round the world's expanse,

Let thy deep-voiced thunders roll,
Saturate each thirsty soul,
Showers of heavenly grace impart,
Fertilize each barren heart.

Guerdon high was thine, when thrice
Pearly gates of Paradise
Turning gave thy raptured ear
Words that none but Angels hear.

Sower of the Gospel seed,
Hundred-fold shall be thy meed,
Garnered where no thief can spoil,
Fruit of thine abundant toil.

Fiant Luminaria.

ABÆLARDUS.

FIANT LUMINARIA.

Dixit autem Deus: Fiant luminaria in firmamento Cœli.—Gen. i, 14.

Ornarunt terram germina,
Nunc cœlum luminaria;
Sole, luna, stellis depingitur,
Quorum multus usus cognoscitur.

Hæc quaque parte condita
Sursum, homo, considera;
Esse tuam et cœli regio
Se fatetur horum servitio.

Sole calet in hieme,
Qui caret ignis munere;
Pro nocturnæ lucernæ gratia
Pauper habet lunam et sidera.

Stratis dives eburneis,
Pauper jacet gramineis;
Hinc avium oblectant cantica,
Inde florum spirat fragantia.

Impensis dives, nimiis
Domum casuram construis ;
Falso sole pingis testudinem,
Falsis stellis in cœli speciem.

In vera cœli camera
Pauper jacet pulcherrima ;
Vero sole, veris sideribus
Istam illi depinxit Dominus.

Opus magis eximium
Est naturæ quam hominum ;
Quod nec labor nec sumptus præparat,
Nec vetustas solvendo dissipat.

Ministrat homo diviti,
Angelus autem pauperi,
Ut hinc quoque constet cœlestia
Quam sint nobis a Deo subdita.

Let There Be Lights.

PETER ABELARD.

The Author of this Hymn, Peter Abelard, was born near Nantes. He was one of the most distinguished men of his age. His intercourse with the celebrated Heloise is well known. He was the representative of the use of reason in matters of theology, as Bernard of Clairvaux was the exponent of Church authority, and between them there arose bitter controversy. He died in 1142 at the Monastery of St. Marcel.

LET THERE BE LIGHTS.

And God said: Let there be lights in the firmament of the Heaven.—Gen. i, 14.

With many a flower the earth is bright,
The sky is set with many a light,
For man ordained, the golden sun,
The moon and stars their courses run.

Observant still to mark the years,
Consider, man, these shining spheres,
Look up, and in their service see
That Heaven itself was made for thee.

To him who lacks the fire-side blaze
The sun sends down his genial rays,
And stars hang out their friendly lamps
By night to guide His houseless tramps.

On stately beds the rich are laid,
But stretched in cool, sequestered shade,
The beggar whiles away the hours
Mid warbling birds and fragrant flowers.

The lordling decks his vaulted hall
With gilded planets, soon to fall,
And mourns the treasure, vainly spent,
To rival God's own firmament.

Within the chamber of the skies,
In sweet repose, the pauper lies
Where stars keep watch, till morning bids
The sunbeams wake his sleeping lids.

Compared with Nature's perfect plan
How mean the proudest works of man,
Her skill expends nor gold nor toil
And what she builds no time can spoil.

On wealth, the poor obsequious wait,
Good angels serve our low estate
And verify the kind decree
That Heaven itself was made for thee.

Oratio ad Dominum.

MARBOD.

ORATIO AD DOMINUM.

Deus-homo, Rex cœlorum,
Miserere miserorum ;
Ad peccandum proni sumus,
Et ad humum redit humus ;
Tu ruinam nostram fulci
Pietate tua dulci.
Quid est homo, proles Adæ ?
Germen necis dignum clade.
Quid est homo nisi vermis,
Res infirma, res inermis ?
Ne digneris huic irasci,
Qui non potest mundus nasci :
Noli, Deus, hunc damnare,
Qui non potest non peccare ;
Judicare non est æquum
Creaturam, non est tecum :
Non est miser homo tanti,
Ut respondeat Tonanti.
Sicut umbra, sicut fumus,
Sicut fœnum facti sumus :
Miserere, Rex cœlorum,
Miserere miserorum.

Supplication to the Lord.

MARBOD.

The author of this prayer was of a noble family in Anjou. He was born in 1035, was chosen bishop of Rennes in 1095, and died in 1125.

SUPPLICATION TO THE LORD.

God Incarnate, Heavenly King,
Wretched man to mercy bring;
Prone to err, our footsteps stray,
And to dust returns the clay;
Lord, accept our earnest prayer,
Wreck of sin let grace repair.
Seed of Adam, what is man?
Sprout of death, deserving ban:
What is man unless a worm
All defenceless and infirm?
Be not wroth with one so mean,
Who must needs be born unclean;
Him to slay, O God, disdain,
Who from sin cannot abstain;
Mete-wand nice on him to lay,
Righteous Judge, is not thy way,
Nor is man of such degree,
Voice of God, to answer Thee.
Like a flower, like a shade,
Like a vapor man is made,
Mercy grant, O Heavenly King,
Pity such a wretched thing.

Syon Cœlestis.

HILDEBERTUS TURONENSIS.

SYON CŒLESTIS.

Me receptet Syon illa,
Syon, David urbs tranquilla,
Cuius faber auctor lucis,
Cuius portæ lignum crucis,
Cuius muri lapis vivus,
Cuius custos rex festivus.
In hac urbe lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis:
In hac odor implens cœlos,
In hac semper festum melos;
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela;
Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes.

The Heavenly Zion.

HILDEBERT, OF TOURS.

This hymn is an extract from a poem of Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours. He was born in 1057. Eminent for his learning, his works were highly esteemed. Independent in his character, he incurred the displeasure of the French King, Louis le Gros, to whose wishes, in the dispensation of church patronage, he refused to yield.

THE HEAVENLY ZION.

To Zion beckoning friends invite,
In David's city wait,
Whose builder is the Source of light,
The precious Cross her gate.

With living stones her walls are gay,
Her guard the joyous King,
Within her courts is endless day
And smiles eternal spring.

There Love unbroken peace maintains,
And bloom unfading flowers,
While ceaseless glide seraphic strains
Along the gladsome hours.

There naught corrupts, nor aught is vile,
Nor ever ills befall,
Naught enters there that can defile,
But Christ is all in all.

De Cruce.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

DE CRUCE.

Crux ave benedicta,
Per te mors est devicta,
In te dependit Deus,
Rex et Salvator meus.

Tu arborum regina,
Salutis medicina,
Pressorum es levamen,
Et tristium solamen.

O sacrosanctum lignum,
Tu vitæ nostræ signum,
Tulisti fructum Jesum,
Humani cordis esum.

Dum crucis inimicos
Vocabis et amicos,
O Jesu, fili Dei,
Sis, oro, memor mei!

The Cross.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

This Hymn is by an unknown author and is supposed to be somewhere from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. It has been much praised by critics. According to the tradition prevalent in the Middle Ages, the Cross on which Jesus suffered was of palm wood.

THE CROSS.

Blessed Cross, hail, holy Rood!
Death, by thee, was first subdued
When my God was crucified,
When my King and Savior died.

Queen of trees art thou, O Palm,
For our wounds the sovereign balm,
Strong support when burdens press,
Solace in our sore distress.

Tree of Life, O sacred Tree,
Glorious sign of victory,
Christ thy fruit, O Tree divine,
Never fruit so sweet as thine.

When before thy judgment-seat
Friend and foe at last shall meet,
Jesus, then propitious be,
Son of God, remember me.

De Nativitate Domini.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

Potestate, non natura
Fit Creator creatura,
Reportetur ut factura
  Factoris in gloria.
Prædicatus per prophetas,
Quem non capit locus, ætas,
Nostræ sortis intrat metas,
  Non reliquens propria.

Cœlum terris inclinatur,
Homo-Deus adunatur,
Adunato famulatur
  Cœlestis familia.
Rex, sacerdos consecratur
Generalis, quod monstratur
Cum pax terris nuntiatur
  Et in altis gloria.

Causam quæris, modum rei?
Causa prius omnes rei,
Modus justum velle Dei,
  Sed conditum gratia.

O quam dulce condimentum,
Nobis mutans in pigmentum
Cum aceto fel cruentum,
Degustante Messia !

O salubre sacramentum,
Quod nos ponit in jumentum,
Plagis nostris dans unguentum,
Ille de Samaria.
Ille alter Elisæus,
Reputatus homo reus,
Suscitavit homo-Deus
Sunamitis puerum.

Hic est gigas currens fortis,
Qui, destructa lege mortis,
Ad amœna primæ sortis,
Ovem fert in humerum.
Vivit, regnat Deus-homo,
Trahens Orco lapsum pomo ;
Cœlo tractus gaudet homo,
Denum complens numerum.

The Incarnation.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

A brief notice of Adam of St. Victor, the author of this Hymn and of the two immediately following, has been given in the preceding pages. Trench considers this as "the richest and fullest of the Nativity Hymns." It may be well to say, in relation to the allusion in the last line, that the parable of the ten pieces of silver was understood to relate to nine ranks of angels and the one race of man. The former stood, the latter fell and was lost.

THE INCARNATION.

Work of power, passing nature,
God appears in human feature,
Lifting up his fallen creature
  Unto the Maker's throne.
He, whom prophets came foretelling,
Whom nor time nor space compelling,
Comes in finite nature dwelling,
  Retaining still his own.

Now to earth the heavens are bending,
God and man in union blending,
Angel ministers descending
  Escort him from the sky,
Who, o'er all is King created,
Priest forever consecrated,
Peace on earth is promulgated
  And glory rings on high.

Wouldst thou know the mode, the reason?
Seeming cause, our guilty treason,
Will of God the way, the season,
  But yet by grace forecast:

Blissful relish, precious favor,
When the myrrh-cup's bitter savor
Changed to pigment's spicy flavor
Upon Messiah's taste.

Healing grace, all comprehending,
Good Samaritan befriending,
Setting on his beast and tending
The wounded Judaite;
True Elisha, see, appearing,
Sinful man, our likeness wearing,
God-Man, in his power, rearing
The lifeless Shunamite.

Lo, the matchless Giant hying,
Who, the strength of Death defying,
Bears his sheep, long-lost and dying,
To pastures green and sweet;
Fallen through the first temptation,
Saved, through Christ, from condemnation,
Man rejoices in salvation
And makes the ten complete.

De S. Laurentio.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

DE S. LAURENTIO.

Sicut chorda musicorum
Tandem sonum dat sonorum
Plectri ministerio,
Sic in chely tormentorum
Melos Christi confessorum
Martyris dat tensio.

Parum sapis vim sinapis,
Si non tangis, si non frangis ;
Et plus fragrat, quando flagrat,
Tus injectum ignibus :
Sic arctatus et assatus,
Sub ardore, sub labore,
Dat odorem pleniorem
Martyr de virtutibus.

Hunc ardorem factum foris
Putat rorem vis amoris,
Et zelus justitiæ ;
Ignis urens, non comburens,
Vincit prunas, quas adunas,
O minister impie.

The Martyrdom of St. Laurentius.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

Laurentius, the Martyr, was Arch-Deacon at Rome, and suffered during the persecution of the Christians by Valerian. He is said to have been broiled to death on a gridiron, or roasted in an iron chain. This hymn is in commemoration of his martyrdom.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAURENTIUS.

As minstrel touch evokes the strain
That softly glides, then swells amain
Along the trembling chord,
The martyr, stretched on torture's rack,
From quivering nerves gives sweetly back
The praises of his Lord.

As nothing tells what pungent power
In mustard dwells, till brayed to flour,
And, parched with heat, to incense sweet
The fragrant gum resolves,
Thus, rectified by bloody scourge,
Refined and tried by fiery purge,
The martyr's faith, sublimed in death,
Its rich perfume evolves.

To love and zeal, that inward glow,
Like dew-drops feel the fires below,
No pain but Love can quell;
It burns, illumes, yet naught consumes,
And coals outvies thy rage applies
O minister of hell.

De SS. Evangelistis.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

DE SS. EVANGELISTIS.

Circa thronum majestatis,
Cum spiritibus beatis,
Quatuor diversitatis
  Astant animalia.
Formam primum aquilinam,
Et secundum leoninam,
Sed humanam et bovinam
  Duo gerunt alia.

Formæ formant figurarum
Formas Evangelistarum,
Quorum imber doctrinarum
  Stillat in Ecclesia;
Hi sunt Marcus et Matthæus,
Lucas, et quem Zebedæus
Pater tibi misit, Deus,
  Dum laxaret retia.

Formam viri dant Matthæo,
Quia scripsit sic de Deo,
Sicut descendit ab eo,
  Quem plasmavit, homine.

Lucas bos est in figura,
Ut præmonstrat in Scriptura,
Hostiarum tangens jura
Legis sub velamine.

Marcus, leo per desertum
Clamans, rugit in apertum,
Iter fiat Deo certum,
Mundum cor a crimine.
Sed Johannes, ala bina
Caritatis, aquilina
Forma fertur in divina
Puriori lumine.

Quatuor describunt isti
Quadriformes actus Christi,
Et figurant, ut audisti,
Quisque sua formula.
Natus homo declaratur,
Vitulus sacrificatur,
Leo mortem deprædatur,
Et ascendit aquila.

Ecce forma bestialis
Quam scriptura prophetalis
Notat; sed materialis
Hæc est impositio.

Currunt rotis, volant alis ;
Inest sensus spiritalis ;
Rota gressus est æqualis,
Ala contemplatio.

Paradisus his rigatur,
Viret, floret, fœcundatur,
His abundat, his lætatur
Quatuor fluminibus :
Fons est Christus, hi sunt rivi,
Fons est altus, hi proclivi,
Ut saporem fontis vivi
Ministrent fidelibus.

Horum rivo debriatis
Sitis crescat caritatis,
Ut de fonte pietatis
Satiemur plenius.
Horum trahat nos doctrina
Vitiorum de sentina,
Sicque ducat ad divina
Ab imo superius.

The Holy Evangelists.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

The purpose of this Hymn is to represent the character of Christ as distinctively exhibited by each of the Evangelists.

THE HOLY EVANGELISTS.

Round about the throne of heaven,
Serving with the holy Seven,
Four attend, in honor even,
  Framed in strange diversity;
Flying eagle one appearing,
One the form of lion bearing,
One a calf, the other wearing
  Visage of humanity.

Fashioned thus, these blessed creatures,
Shew the four Evangel teachers,
Living streams for Gospel preachers
  Flowing out from Galilee;
Matthew, here, and Mark portraying,
Luke, and him who, naught delaying,
Left his nets, the call obeying,
  Gentle son of Zebedee.

Matthew has our shape and stature,
Writing in his nomenclature
Christ's descent, as if by nature
  Springing from the man He made;

Form of calf to Luke pertaining,
Who, in Scripture, speaks explaining
Sacrificial rites remaining
Until then in legal shade.

Desert lion, loudly roaring,
Mark, our wilderness exploring,
Cries, "The path of God restoring,
Let your hearts be clean and right;"
While, on wings of love ascending,
Like the eagle sunward bending,
John his heavenly way is wending
Upward to the Source of Light.

Drama of His life and passion
These enacting, what each fashion
Represents, the explanation
Doubtless you have heard full oft;
Birth of Christ, the man displaying,
Sacrifice, the calf conveying,
Death despoiled, the lion preying,
While the eagle soars aloft.

Lo, the forms of brute creation
Which prophetic revelation
Indicates, and through sensation
Teaches spiritual things:

Rolling wheels and pinions flying,
Hidden meaning underlying,
Equal walk, the wheels implying,
Higher life, the mounting wings.

By these waters irrigated
Paradise is decorated,
Where o'er boughs with fruitage weighted
Amaranthine bloom is spread;
Christ the fountain, these outflowing,
High the fountain, earthward going
These descend, on man bestowing
Sweetness of their living head.

Ever drinking, still unsated,
Thirst with every draught created,
May our souls be saturated
Quaffing from this Fount of Love;
Thus the way of wisdom learning,
From the dregs of folly turning,
Let our minds, the truth discerning,
Meditate on things above.

Ad Sanctum Spiritum.

ROBERTUS, GALLIÆ REX.

AD SANCTUM SPIRITUM.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium;

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium:
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium!
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium ;
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium !

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confitentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium !

To The Holy Spirit.

ROBERT, KING OF FRANCE.

This beautiful Hymn is the production of Robert, King of France, the son of Hugo Capet. He was born in 971 and died in 1031. The gentleness of his disposition was unfitted to contend with the turbulent spirit of the times. This Hymn holds a high place in the estimation of scholars, being considered as first in loveliness among the sacred compositions of the Middle Ages.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Holy Spirit, quickly come,
Hasten from thy heavenly home,
Rays of thine effulgence dart;
Father of the humble poor,
Bounteous Giver of thy store,
Come, Enlightener of the heart.

Comforter, supremely kind,
Sweet Indweller of the mind,
Well-spring of the soul's relief,
Bringing to the weary, rest,
Calmness to the troubled breast,
Solace in the time of grief.

Radiance of the light divine,
Let thy full resplendence shine
Through the closets of our hearts,
Man without thy aid is naught,
Wholly vile, with evil fraught
Save the good thy grace imparts.

What is filthy, purify,
Irrigate whate'er is dry,
What is hurt, to health restore,
Overcome my stubborn will,
Warm whate'er in me is chill,
Guide me, that I stray no more.

Give to all who trust in Thee,
Walking in humility,
Seven graces of thy love,
Grant the meed of perfect faith,
Victory in the hour of death,
Grant unfailing bliss above.

Index.

INDEX.

The Resurrection	Author Unknown	5
St. Stephen's Martyrdom	Adam of St. Victor	13
The Dedication of a Church	Same	25
The Vanity of the World	Bernard of Clairvaux	37
Contempt of Worldly Vanity	Same	45
The Day of Judgment	Author Unknown	53
The Mother at the Cross	Jacopone da Todi	65
The Body of Christ	Thomas Aquinas	77
St. John, the Evangelist	Author Unknown	85
The Day of Wrath	Thomas of Celano	97
Vox Gratiæ		109
The Epiphany	Prudentius	113
The Nativity	Jean Mauburne	121
Paul	Peter Damiani	129
Let there be Lights	Peter Abelard	137
Supplication to the Lord	Marbod	145
The Heavenly Zion	Hildebert of Tours	153
The Cross	Author Unknown	161
The Incarnation	Adam of St. Victor	169
Martyrdom of St. Laurentius	Same	177
The Holy Evangelists	Same	185
To The Holy Spirit	Robert, King of France	197